

MARVEL

2

DUGGAN · LARRAZ · GRACIA





It was the hardest damn war I ever fought, and that bloody wave cost me my life.

-- RICH RIDER, NOVA

[x-men_[0.2]
[x-men_[0.2]

[x-men_[0.X]
[x-men_[0.X]



[x-men_[0.2]...]
[x-men_[0.2]...]
[X-Men_alpha.]

Gambit?
Ya down
here?

Uh-oh.

Hey, darlin'.
We got an open
seat...want us to
deal you in,
ma chéri?

Remy
Étienne
LeBeau!

Oui?

You said you had a
card game hours
ago--ah didn't know
it was here.

Ah'm elected
to Krakoa's X-Men
team and can't have
you inviting over the
entire Bar with No Name
to gamble in the
basement of our
headquarters!

Paparazzi
watch this
place. Now everybody
scram. Go
on now.

I knew
ya was in trouble
when she dropped all
three of yer fancy-
pants names.
Good luck.

Hell, I 'ad
a pair of queens
too.

Gameworld.
A Cordyceps Jones Jam.

Hey,
is dat mud-
ball backwater
planet still
kicking?

You bet it is,
Cordyceps!

Oof! I
knew somebody
would get rich knockin'
the Earth over--I didn't
know so many of youse
was gonna go
bankrupt too.

well, the night is
young. So...

...who's next
to throw some
bones?

Gameworld's
black holes mean we
can toss months of heat
at a planet and it's
only overnight
fer us.



But still, would it kill one of ya to put your back into it?

It ain't like Earth's the only planet that needs a good rinse, ya know?



I am Kriv Yu of the Numari, and I bring forth a wager...

I will uncork a rare vintage upon the Terrans: The waves of annihilation.



My fiend is being paid to make sure our involvement dies with him, and his kin will be well taken care of.



Go to Earth, and let their suffering end quickly.



Oooh. I got a good feeling about this roll...



"...place your bets!"



X-MEN [X_02]

FIGHT FIRE WITH FIRE

The time has come for the newly-elected X-MEN to protect the rest of the Earth -- and not a moment too soon, as the patrons of Cordyceps Jones' deep-space casino compete to wipe humanity off the face of the planet!



Cyclops

Jean Grey

Sunfire



Synch

Wolverine



Polaris

Rogue

[ISSUE TWO]..... FEARLESS, CHAPTER TWO:
..... "CATCHING THE WAVE"

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or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution
is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental.

Iola, Kansas.

What the hell happened here?

Y'all okay down there?

I think that dude is wasted.

SEC K M
OSK! M. SEC
S C A T T E R
T E K E C E N.

POP

Yer in enough trouble, I reckon, so maybe ease off that sauce?

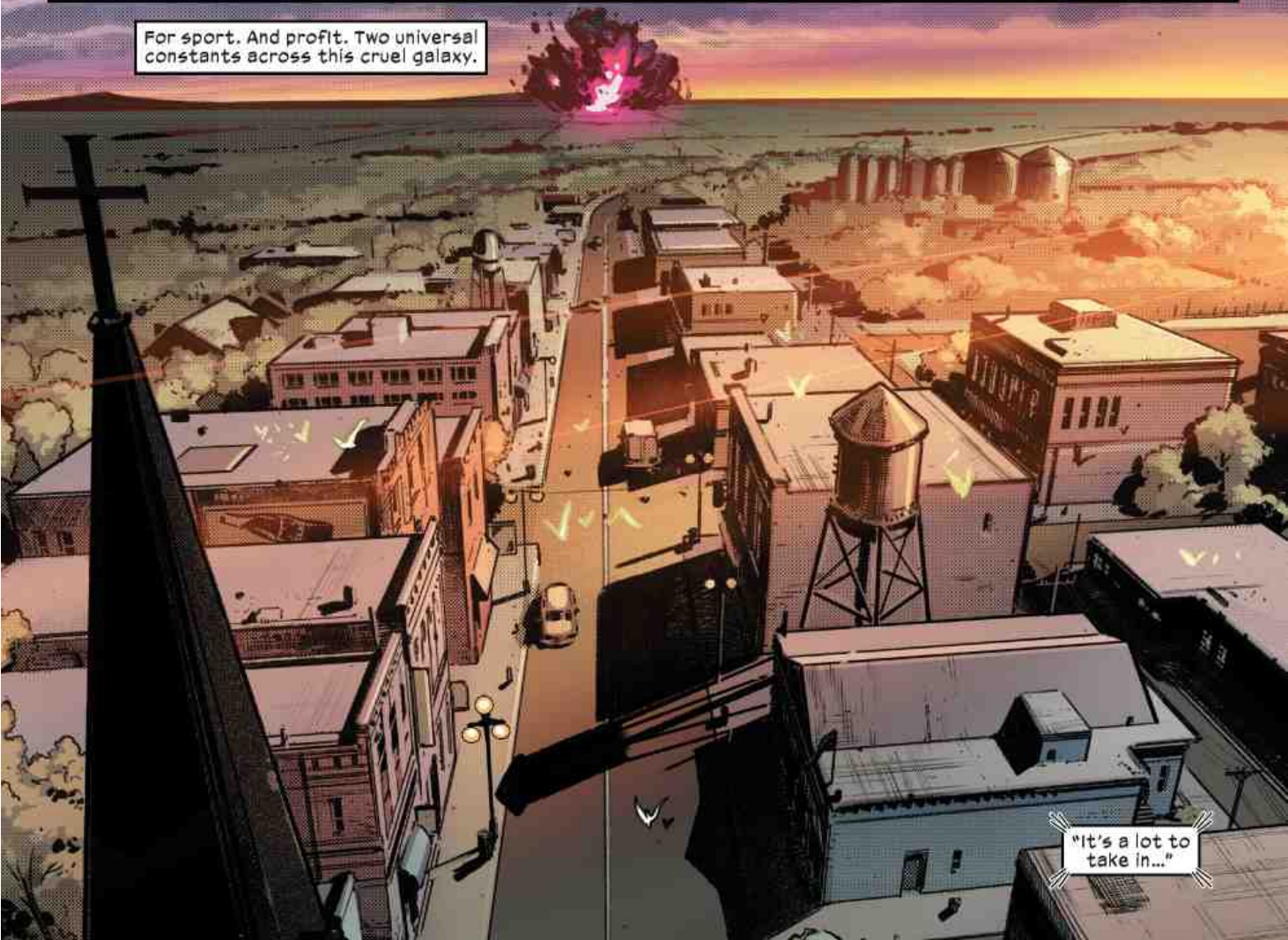
Hey, Clay... run!



A small batch of
the cosmic black
death crests again
on Planet Earth.

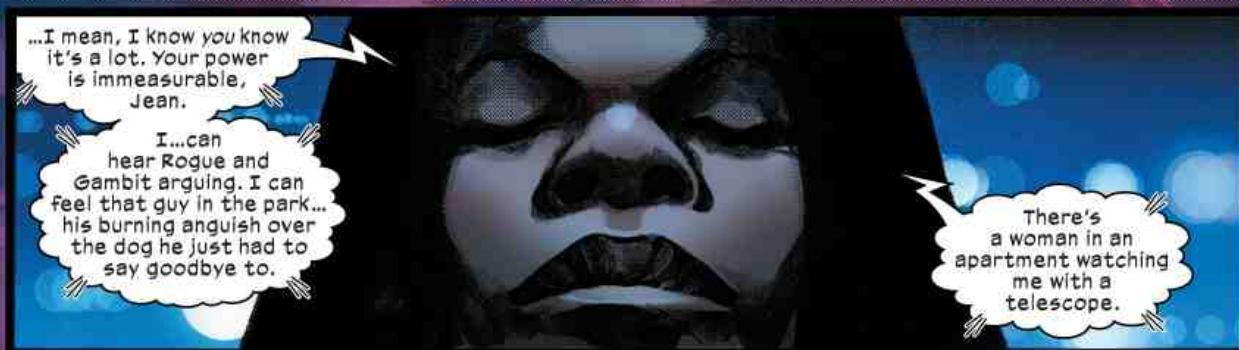


The Annihilation Wave is a
truly heinous and immoral
weapon to wield, and why
was Earth targeted?



For sport. And profit. Two universal
constants across this cruel galaxy.

"It's a lot to
take in..."



...I mean, I know you know it's a lot. Your power is immeasurable, Jean.

I...can hear Rogue and Gambit arguing. I can feel that guy in the park... his burning anguish over the dog he just had to say goodbye to.

There's a woman in an apartment watching me with a telescope.

Think of telepathy as a flashlight in the dark. You can focus the beam of light onto one mind, and see it clearly.

Or you can widen your light and see many minds at once, from a more shallow depth.

Ideas become like...stickers on a refrigerator.

You can place an idea in a mind or take one away.

It's true power, Everett. I once saved lives by making a gunman forget how to take the safety off his rifle.

But...that can be a dangerous line to cross.

No doubt.

Emma said I would learn a lot from you. She was right.

We're here to learn from each other, Everett. After your time with Wolverine in the Vault, you have a couple of hundred years of experience on Scott and me.

Whoa.

D-did you feel that? I felt those lives just snuff out.

Yes. To the west.

Meet me at the plane, X-Men!



Ah got a course plotted for Kansas--we'll be there on the quick.

What are we up against?

It's a black death... from a deep void.

Careful, Synch. Sometimes there can be little gleaned from peering into voids.

Whatever it is, it must be related to this warning from S.W.O.R.D. that an object from interstellar space just used our sun to slingshot to Earth.

Whoever threw this at us knew to avoid Arakko on the way into our system.

I'll be honest with you, Jean.

I've been trying to find a way to tell Laura about what we shared...who we were in the Vault. But I could just show her...

...if she asks.

If she does, then my gift is your gift.

Thanks, but I think I've had enough of your gift for today.

I'm glad you get to turn it off.



That is
disgustin'!

Thunderbird,
patrol.

X-Men--
GO!

Let's put
ourselves between
the town and that
hell.

They're
mindless horrors--
so you can all cut
loose, but watch
the collateral
damage.

This big
one--

--is
mine!





Okay, listen up, team...

...the more matter this wave eats--the bigger it gets--like *The Blob*. The McQueen film, not our bartender.



Never seen it.



Well, now you have.

Cool.

Most of the town is in their tornado shelters.



Sunfire, take the perimeter and hold it by any means necessary. We can't afford to let this problem grow.

Polaris-- pop a bubble over the town. It needs to be *big*.

Jean, show Polaris how big she needs to go.



Some of the bugs are under the dome.



Not for long.



Shield's up!



Wait-- change of plans.

I just got an interesting ping from deep inside the wave... I need to talk to a bug out there.



Hnnh.
What's your call, Synch?



I'll borrow
Polaris' powers to
provide a force-field
cover for Jean during
her parley.



Great. Except
you should stay
here to protect the
humans and Lorna
should take me.

Because you may need to
borrow Sunfire's
powers to help
end this.

Okay--I'm
synced with
Polaris.



Now
pass me the
dome.

Here
you go.

The
monsters--
they're
pushing so
hard.



Some may
enter when
we leave.



We got
them!

Ah think this
is the *Annihilation*
Wave. Whenever we had
downtime on the Unity
Squad, Captain America
used to check our
knowledge of
extinction-level
events.

Sounds like fun.

It was fun for him.

Uch. Was the number one cause of death for Avengers boredom?



This is #@%&#@ gross, Jean.

What're we doing out here?

Is somebody still alive?

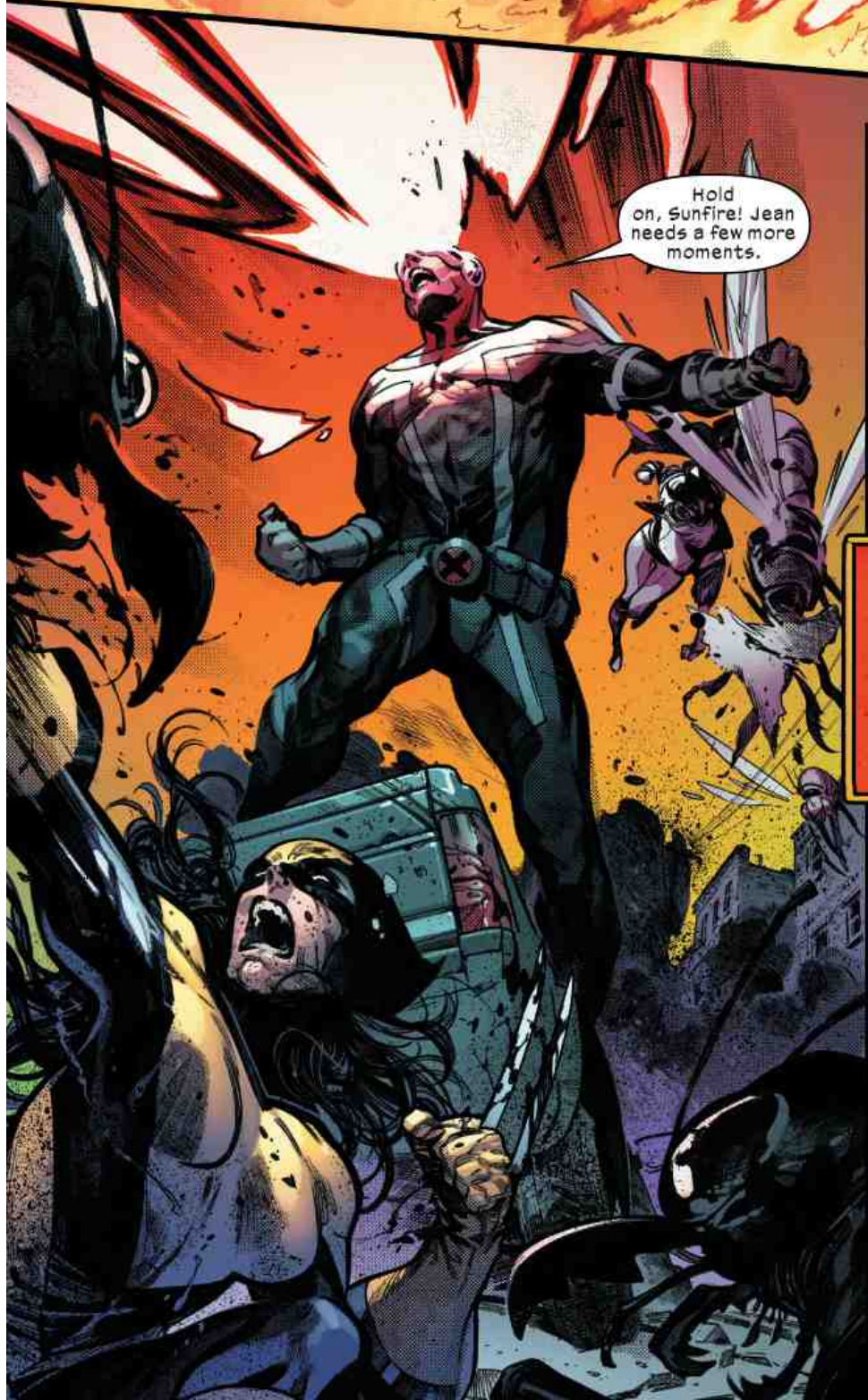
Oh, no. Nothing can survive this. No, they're dead...

...but their brain was swallowed whole, and neurons are still firing for a few more moments.

We might learn something invaluable if we can find the one that ate it before it's too late.

I only heard these alien thoughts because my telepathy passed through your heavy magnetic field...

...we're almost there.



BANG!





My eyes
are closed--are
yours?

Oh my
god. I opened
them.



We're
here.



I've *never* been
able to touch a
dead mind...



...but you
and I can, working
together.

Your magnetism
and my telepathy
are combining to make
an MRI machine
for memories.



I see.

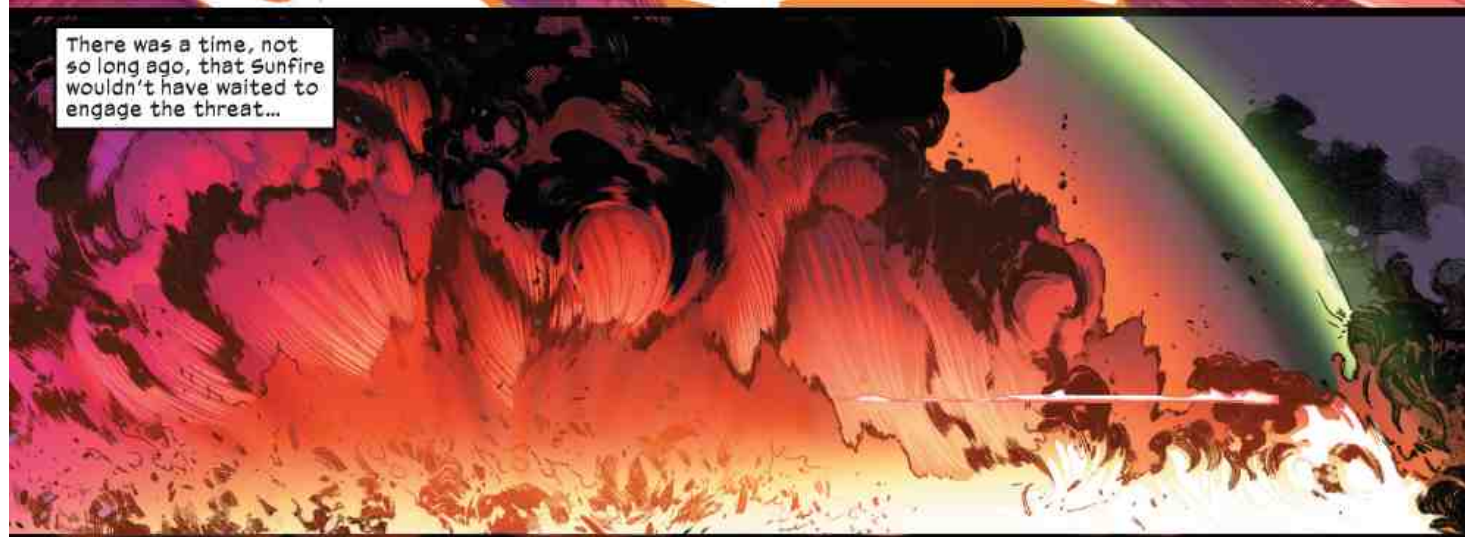
Sunfire--
NOW!



Let me
know if it gets
too hot--

--I'm not
going to hold
back!

There was a time, not
so long ago, that Sunfire
wouldn't have waited to
engage the threat...



...and a critical clue
would have been lost.



The Annihilation Wave once nearly
washed over the entire universe...

...but it had never encountered a mutant wielding the power of a star.



Are there any more?

Oh, god. Please say no.

No. They're gone.



How'd it go?

It was hairier than Hank.

We know something now.



I'll show you later, Scott.



Where you going, X-Men?



You saved the town. What's your name?

Sunfire.

You would not have always cheered me, I'm afraid.



"By the time I realized I was born gifted...I had already lost much. I did what many do..."

"Then I fought for the X-Men."

"Later, I fought for the Avengers."

"I always wondered what it would get me...and I always ended up with an empty heart."

"Then suddenly Krakoa arrived, and as good as it has been for us, I had already found fighting for country to be unfulfilling. So I asked to be chosen for the X-Men."

I have
always served
a powerful interest,
with the goal of self-
enrichment.

But tonight,
watching our world
and Arakko's transform,
I stand before you,
wishing only to be
of service.

Those were the words I spoke on behalf of myself at the Hellfire Gala. I remain happy to serve.



You saved the whole damn town. Ya gotta stay for a bite.

We couldn't possibly--



--say no. We'd love to stay for a meal.

They also wish to serve, Shiro.



I have heard wonderful things about Kansas barbecue.

Supper's ready, X-Men...



...you certainly worked up an appetite.







ORCHIS PROTOCOL

INTERNAL COMMUNIQUÉ FROM THE DESK OF DOCTOR STASIS, ORCHIS HUMAN / RESOURCES DIRECTOR

FAO: ALL PETALS

First, I must thank Doctor Devo and everyone in R&D for the mutant autopsy reports from the strike on our Mother Mold facility. The thorough reports were a fascinating read. Some of the bodies were irretrievable, of course, but not that of Scott "Cyclops" Summers. He sacrificed his life to critically injure our weapons program -- and as many of you are also disciples of science, I'm sure you're just as curious how it is that this mutant we killed not long ago is, as of the writing of this memo, living in a tree on the Upper West Side of Manhattan.

Carbon dating of the tissue seems to match up with Summers' birth year, which would steer our hypothesis away from cloning and suggest that perhaps the mutants are manipulating time -- however, after Mars, it's clear they're engaged in a mutant technology boom, and we should rule nothing out.

What we can say for certain is that Cyclops was dead, and now he is not. The mutants almost flaunt their subversion of the natural order. Obviously, we need a lot more information, but the fourth estate may serve our interest in the matter.

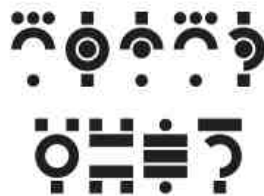
There's a reporter at the Bugle that seems to already have a whiff of the story, and I'd like to put a meeting on the books with Sociology & Modeling. I've been noodling on an idea. Public perception that mutantdom is a secretive island cult will push humanity in a direction that we can cultivate to our needs.

We need not be engaged in a forever war, and we should hope that we are not if the hypothesis is that Krakoa has solved death. In the meantime, I've begun preparation for an experiment that should test my hypothesis.

Hope you talented folks enjoy a good autopsy report as much I do.

Warmest regards,

Dr. Stasis
H.R. Director & Chairman of the Board,
the Oblivion Institute



[00_x-men_02]

KRAKOA IS FOR ALL MUTANTS:

	HELLIONS #14:
▶▶▶▶▶▶▶▶	X-MEN #2:
	CHILDREN OF THE ATOM #6:
	X-FORCE #22:
	MARAUDERS #23:
	WAY OF X #5:
	X-CORP #4:
	X-MEN: THE TRIAL OF MAGNETO #1:
	CABLE: RELOADED #1:
	WOLVERINE #15:

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[World_of_X [00.00]_X]
[World_of_X [00.00]_X]
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From Baaldur, with love...

GLORITH

